

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Greetings to a Soldier.

By HILDA MORRIS.
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It was a window full of greeting cards, the sort that people send nowadays for every occasion, anniversaries, except funerals. Cards for birthdays, cards for weddings, cards to congratulate you on all sorts of happenings, cards with patriotic sentiments—and on each a verse, supposedly clever, and a picture of some sort, strikingly colorful.

Justine paused before the window, attracted by its gay display. It was Saturday afternoon, her day "off," and she had nothing else to do but wander among the shops, looking in on lovely hats and blouses and flowers which she could not afford to buy. This window, however, was different. She could buy cards that if she had any one to whom to send them. Today most of the cards seemed to be for soldiers, the verses told how proud some one was of them, and how somebody longed to see a certain soldier again. Justine looked and most earnestly wished that she knew a soldier to whom she might send a card. She was doing so very little about the war, anyway. She had no time to knit, and no money to give. It might help a very little to send one of these bright cards to some homesick boy in a far-away camp. But the trouble was she did not know any soldiers. Since she had come to the city Justine's days had been too full of work to afford many chances for meeting men, and the days back home in Oldport were now so far away. She racked her brains trying to think of some one to whom she might send one of these friendly greetings.

There was Mr. Evans, from the office, but she hardly knew him well enough. And Bert Holmes, from Oldport, but he was engaged to another girl; perhaps it would do. The only soldier whom she could think of who might be pleased to hear from her was the little Pratt boy at home, who had once been in her Sunday school class. Of course, he was not a little boy any longer, he must be twenty-one at least. But as would remember her, she felt sure, and doubtless he would like to receive a card from the big city. So she went in and chose the very prettiest card of all, bowed a pen from the stationer and addressed it. On second thought she found that she was not quite sure what the Pratt boy's first name was. Charles—Clarence—Curtis—that was it, Curtis. Curtis Pratt had a very familiar sound; she wrote the name firmly, addressed it to the Long Island camp, where she had heard that the Pratt boy was stationed, and mailed it. Then she forgot all about it.

But two days later, much to her surprise, there came a note to her from Curtis Pratt. He had received the card, and was very much pleased. He thought it was so good of her to remember him. He should very much like to hear from her again, if she had time, a letter telling something about herself.

Justine was quite flattered. It is not often that a boy remembers his Sunday School teachers with such courtesy and interest. So she wrote the letter, and a motherly sort of epistle it was. She scarcely expected an answer to it, but a few days later the answer came. He was to have leave next Sunday; could he come to see her?

Now, this was something that had never before happened to Justine since she came to the city. Her Sundays had been lonely days, given over to church and books and washing her hair and solitary walks in the park. To have a nice boy call on her was something which she had long given up hoping for. The very thought of it sent a delightful little thrill through her. She wrote to him to come, and Sunday morning she stayed home from church and washed her hair in his honor. She looked disgracefully young for an ex-teacher about to greet her pupil; her hair curled about her ears in a delightful style that reminded one, somehow, of yellow spring things. And her eyes were altogether too dangerously blue for a teacher to possess, especially if she wears a blue dress that accentuates their color. Justine was twenty-seven years old, but she looked about sixteen when she came down into the little boarding-house parlor to greet Curtis Pratt, her ex-pupil.

The tall soldier who was seated by the window rose upon her entrance, thereby revealing himself to be very tall indeed, and of much broader proportions than she associated with little Curtis Pratt.

"Why, how you have grown!" exclaimed Justine. "I didn't think—"

And then, with widening eyes, she saw that this was not her Sunday School pupil at all. He had never looked like that, with such a straight nose and such very brown eyes. He had been a blonde.

"Why you—you aren't Curtis Pratt!" she accused him breathlessly. "It was the soldier's turn to look surprised."

"Yes, I am begging your pardon. I'm very much indeed Curtis Pratt. I remember you, even if you don't recall my face. Once when we were very young we went to the same picnic, and I fished you out of Fairview Creek. Don't you remember that day?"

Justine sat down quite suddenly. "Why, yes," she faltered. "I remember that. I remember you, too, only—"

"Only what?"

"I'd forgotten that your name was Curtis. I guess I got you mixed with your younger brother, the one I taught in Sunday School. I thought I was writing to him."

"Benny? Benny is out at camp, but he has measles just now. I'm sorry I've disappointed you. Perhaps Benny can come next time."

There was a note of hurt in his voice, a rather wistful something in his eyes as he looked at her.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed hastily. "I'm not at all disappointed. I—I'm glad it was you."

And then she wished at what she

had said, a delightful pink blush that went very well with her springtime frock.

"So am I," said Curtis Pratt. They spent the afternoon together in the park, and they had supper together at a quiet restaurant. More than once Justine felt the envious eyes of some other girl fixed upon her, the eyes of some girl who envied her the company of so fine-looking a soldier, just as she had herself felt on so many Sundays past. But now, now she felt sorry for them, those other girls. For something told her that this was only the beginning of a great many other Sundays that were to come.

"Do you know," said Curtis Pratt, as they walked slowly home to her boarding-house, "that I have never forgotten you since that day of the picnic—soon after, for school and college, and I never caught more than glimpses of you in vacations. But I've never forgotten."

"Neither have I," she assented softly. "That is, I've never forgotten the boy who fished me out of the creek. And his name—"

"At least you remembered his name," Curtis agreed with a little laugh. "Fate didn't let you forget it, and I think she had a reason. May I come again next Sunday?"

"Yes," she agreed happily. "And the Sunday after?"

"Yes."

"And the Sunday after that?"

"Y—yes, if you still want to."

"Want to! I guess by that time I'll be wanting to come often than Sunday. I'm sure of it."

"Well," said Justine with a conscience-stricken little sigh, "I guess I've forgotten all about poor Benny. Give him my best wishes, won't you?"

But—I don't think he would have cared very much for a card from his Sunday School teacher, anyway. I'm horrid, but I'm glad he never got it!"

Nothing Sad in Tier Mode



By BETTY BROWN

Collars and cuffs in tiers are the motifs of this charming blouse and there is nothing to inspire tears in the effect obtained. This arrangement of white organdie in folds of varying width permits a clever use of cords and contrasting colors. The blouse proper is of blue and white organdie and the collar and cuffs are of plain white organdie smartly corded in pale blue.

Ostrich feathers are revived in Paris as the smartest of smart ornaments. Three tiny tips, the size of a cloverleaf, with a rhinestone buckle, are used on slippers and fringes of single ostrich plumes make exquisite froths on hats and chiffon scarves.

GRANDMOTHER WAS THE DRUGGIST

In the early days of our country grandmother was the druggist, and her drugs consisted mostly of roots and herbs gathered from the fields and forests. There was peppermint for indigestion, mullein for coughs, skullcap for nervousness, thoroughwort for colds, wormwood for bruises and sprains and so on. They were successful remedies, too. It was from a combination of such roots and herbs that Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., more than forty years ago, originated her now famous Vegetable Compound; and during all these long years no other remedy has ever been discovered to restore health to ailing women so successfully as this good old-fashioned root and herb medicine.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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BEEF WAS ONCE THE "WHOLE CHEESE," NOW ECLIPSED BY COTTAGE VARIETY



By BIDDY EYE

Once upon a peacetime beef reigned supreme on American tables and we thought we needed its meat to give us strength. In wartime we discover we can get the same strength and nourishment out of plain, home-made cottage cheese and get it at a fraction of the cost of beef.

The food administration has cut the weekly beef ration to 1-14 pounds each week and suggests that cheese in some form be used as a substitute for part of the meat diet. All cheese is wholesome, but cottage cheese is the most practical because it can be simply and quickly made at home, and because it transforms skim or sour milk, which might be wasted, into a highly valuable food.

Here are three excellent recipes recommended by the U. S. Department of Agriculture as special meat substitutes.

Cottage Cheese and Peas Soup. Mix together 2 cups of cooked young peas and 1 cup of cottage cheese 14 teaspoonful of baking soda before mixing with other ingredients. Mix with cheese and peas 1 cup of rice boiled until quite dry and 1 cup of coarse cornbread crumbs. Season with 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, 2 tablespoonfuls of savory fat, and 2 tablespoonfuls of minced celery, pimento, or mixed seasoning. The soup should be mixed as stiff and dry as possible as it softens in baking. Place in greased bread pan and bake

in moderate oven, basting occasionally with seasoned vegetable fat or oil. Serve with a tomato or plain white sauce.

Cottage Cheese Potato Balls. To 1 cupful of thick white sauce add 2 cupfuls of fresh cottage cheese, beating it slowly in small quantities. Add to the mixture 2 cupfuls of well mashed potato and season with celery salt and cayenne pepper, and a little chopped parsley. Form into balls and roll in coarse bread crumbs, then in beaten egg, and again in crumbs. Fry in vegetable fat until golden brown and serve with a parsley sauce.

Cottage Toast. Butter slices of stale bread and place, buttered side down, on a shallow, greased baking pan. Dissolve 1-4 teaspoonful of soda in a little milk and with it mix the cheese to a creamy consistency. Add 1 tablespoonful of chopped onion, parsley, or celery, if desired. Spread the bread slices thickly with cheese mixture and cover with other buttered slices. Beat well 1 egg and 1 yolk and mix with 2 cupfuls of sweet milk seasoned with salt, pepper and butter. Pour over bread and bake until of custard consistency.

More than a billion dollars' worth of American agriculture exports were sold during 1917 to the European nations at war with Germany.

Government war workers at Washington, D. C., number 150,000.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"I have often thought, Margie," wrote Dick, "that your grief and pain over my unfaithfulness was not as great as over the fact that you had been betrayed by one of your own sex. That seemed to hurt you more than anything else; and, Margie, please don't laugh that little satirical laugh of yours; the fact that you seemed to care more for the betrayal by Eleanor than you did for my unfaithfulness was my greatest grief."

"It really stunned me. I still had that old idea that women were the natural enemies of each other, which I know now is only another one of those silly things we attribute to your sex, because we think that women are always battling for our smiles."

"You see most of us still think that women have really no other business in life than of being 'nice to some man.' 'Do you remember dear, what a furore that speech in 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' made a few years ago? I think Mrs. Warren put it the other way, for you know George Shaw always made his hits by pointing exactly the other direction from the bulleye."

"But whether you let some man be nice to you, or whether you are nice to some man, the idea is absolutely the same. It only means that you, as women, must be always onto your job, which is, first, last and all the time, making yourself the captor while making your victim think he is capturing you."

"I expect the years in which you had to use your wits against a club in the hands of your masters, Margie, has made your sex very proficient in this weapon. Consequently men have come to believe that for their smiles you would sacrifice any of your own sex."

Oh Dick, why does a man have to face the inevitable before he takes the time to reason out this important matter. "Eleanor wrote me a letter which I did not show you, in which she said one great truth," I read on in Dick's manuscript. "It was before you found her letter to me. At the time I rather resented it, but now I know that Eleanor was right."

"She said, 'I know dear, that if the world should ever come to know, or if even you were afraid that our beautiful love would be known to the world,

you would sacrifice both me and it to respectability and convention."

"That is true, Margie, perfectly true; most men will choose respectability instead of scandal if it be possible."

"In my case dear, I was very glad to end it all and I know now that I was not very kind to poor Eleanor in the matter. We men never are kind to women who let us know that we own them, Margie. That is one of the things you women have taught us by your smiling subservience to our will. When the showdown comes, if only one need suffer it will be the woman."

"The great hurt to me dear was that from that day you were never quite the same. You not only lost some of your trust, but you also lost some of your beautiful tenderness, your sweet and unqualified faith."

"I wonder if you have realized how hard I find it to get all this in these years afterwards, but I know as well as you, my wife, that while in these last few years we have been the best chums and the closest of comrades, yet that first great radiance, a radiance with which I have come to know you kept yourself and me encircled longer than most husbands and wives can realize, vanished slowly, until I awoke one morning to find it gone."

Salary increases for all employees in first and second class postoffices are forecast by Postmaster General Barile.

MONONGAH

Cochran Scoutmaster. Grover Cochran has been chosen scoutmaster for the local organization of Boy Scouts. Several meetings have been held here of late and the new organization is almost complete. Many Monongah boys are taking deep interest in their Scout work and are anxious to become full-fledged Scouts.

Vagrancy Violators.

With a need for labor at record breaking prices in and about the local coal mines there is no reason in the world why any local men between the ages of 16 and 60 should remain idle and with this in view Mayor T. G. Price is making a thorough investigation of local conditions to be sure that there are no violators in Monongah. Five persons, all foreigners, have been before Mayor Price in the past week and were provided with work.

September Sixteenth.

The Grant district school, including the Monongah school will open on September 16 for a seven month term.

Personals.

Duff Morris was among the Monongah social callers to Fairmont yesterday evening.

James McKain was in Fairmont yesterday evening attending to business.

Russell Morgan was in Monongah yesterday evening.

Paul Kearns was in Fairmont for a short while yesterday evening.

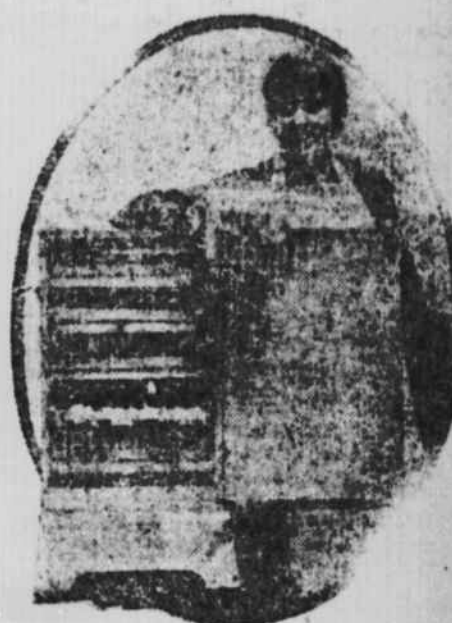
Chester Pyles was in Fairmont yesterday evening.

Learn to Dry Food— Uncle Sam Will Teach You

The government Publication shown here explains drying of fruits and vegetables—a method of food conservation doubly important this year. Drying is easy to do, calls for simple equipment, and requires no sugar. Methods tested and proved good by Government specialists are explained in this bulletin, a copy of which belongs to every American housewife.

FARM and HOME DRYING of FRUITS and VEGETABLES

JOSEPH S. CALDWELL
Plant Physiologist, Office of Horticultural and Pomological Investigations



FARMERS' BULLETIN 984
United States Department of Agriculture

Contribution from the Bureau of Plant Industry
Wm. A. Taylor Chief

Washington, D. C. June 1918

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